

wash the dishes with



Snowflake
The All-Season Ammonia
softens water - cuts grease

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXXV.
SYDNEY DRIVES A BARGAIN.
Mary was distinctly shaking her head behind the speaker. "I couldn't undertake that—I don't think it practicable," her husband answered. "It would surely get to them who you were. Best be above board at once, Miss Alwyn."

She looked at him with distress not to be explained. "But you will make them take the money? Bind them to do it somehow?" Mary's mouth formed a visible "no."

"I fear my urging would be of no use," responded Richard Drayton, a model of marital obedience. "I must treat the matter as I should, unless he is singularly changed. He will prefer any species of work to mauling a generous woman in this way."

"But oh, if he knew how fearful would hurt me!" she cried, leaning forward with her hands clasped.

Mary made expressive signs at the supple, entreating figure. "If you told him that yourself, he might be induced to take your view of it," conceded Mary's spouse, "but I couldn't tie myself to persuade him."

"Go with Richard and me to Wynstone," suggested Mary, stooping over the girl, "then, you know, dear, you can put it in a business way, and settle it all perhaps in a few minutes."

"The best way possible, unless you prefer writing to that Miss Hurst—Mrs. Babbington, whatever she is," coincided Mr. Drayton.

Sydney changed color. That arch-bunderer, Miss Jean, might so convey her offer that Mr. Hurst would infallibly reject it. The best perhaps only, chance of extorting his acceptance of it might lie in her urging it herself on some such pretext as had lured him into book-making. Drooping, for this pang she was courting, to meet, to have him again, pierced her before-time.

"Then I think I will go," she said, and having chosen this course a feverish haste possessed her to start forth upon it. "Are you, are we, going to-day?" she asked.

"To-day! Why, Sydney, child, you need a week's nursing before you get out on that expedition!"

"I want no nursing, I am exceedingly well, Mary," this is hot haste; then sinking back wearily, "and I can come here afterward, you know, Miss Amherst will take care of me then."

"Mary is wise. We should put Wynstone off for a few days, I think," said Mr. Drayton.

"And let Mr. Babbington oust Miss Hurst's brother, and sling him into the pleasant coils of Mr. Montague Carle! And you call that being his friend!" cried Sydney, brimming over with indignation.

"Then suppose we say to-morrow," yielded the gentleman; his commander-in-chief having telegraphed to that effect. And "to-morrow," soon after midday, they went.

From efforts at most charming cheerfulness—reward for their concession—Sydney subsided, as they neared Capel Moor, into speechlessness, and as they traversed the lane to Wynstone, now paced in front of her companions, now lagged behind, in a mood deplorable only by one of her own sex. Mrs. Drayton's own pulse went a trifle faster from certain conjurings up of her usually placid imagination; but her fancies she loyally kept to herself—bride though she was.

"I am afraid Miss Alwyn won't accomplish what she is come for," said Mr. Drayton, as they passed the church; Sydney lingering by the gate.

"We shall see," returned his oracles, and just then a trim West-country lass met them, looked at the unknown pair inquisitively, and Sydney with broad saluting smile and a courtesy.

"Miss Grey back, I do declare now! But they're not expecting you, are they, miss? 'Cause mistress gave me half a day to go to mother's. But if you please I'll run back again, and be ready to open the door before you get there; yes, indeed!"

"And so lose your holiday, Fanny!" said Sydney. "No, you shall not do that. We are only—making a call."

"But, miss," expostulated the maid, "Rebecca's in the garden-pickin' strawberries. She'll never hear the bell, and for sure, she's that slow she'll take five minutes answering it. And strangers, too," with a side courtesy at Miss Grey's friends. "Let me run back, miss."

"They mind waiting no more than I do," (Truly, Sydney was grateful for the respite. Like a coward, she was the

wishing herself a thousand miles away.) "Shall we find all—both—at home?" That much she must know.

"Yes, miss, as yet. But come Monday, and they're a-going off, Mr. Hurst into the West Wales, and—something of a chuckle—"and mistress coming where to Mr. Babbington's sister's to get married you! The road's dusty a bit by Miss Grey; won't you go in by the orchard?" volunteered Fanny, departing with another courtesy.

"Yes, that we will," said Mary Drayton, covering Sydney's silence abruptly, with complaints of the heat; and taking the shadier way, they just contrived to escape seeing of being seen by Miss Hurst, who, with many assurances to her brother that she should not be half an hour absent, started at that precise minute from her own porch off to the Manor House.

"Oh, the river, the river, and the Bull!" cried Mary, enthusiastically, as the new un-Suffolk-like scenes opened out. "Sydney, you never made half enough of what you had to leave. It is a picture I could look at home for hours."

"I believe Miss Alwyn would find it easier to say what she intends to Hurst and his sister without us two sitting by listening. Then we would put in an appearance presently, and do our share of the persuasion if necessary."

(To be continued)

"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER I.
Perhaps it was that she missed that which crowns most girls' lives with happiness and peace—a mother; for look as far back as she could, Iris could not from the dim visions of the past bring back any memory of her mother. Ever since she could remember, she and her father had lived alone.

She knew that her mother was an Italian, that her name was like her own, Iris, and that the years of her own childhood had been spent with her father in the land of her mother's birth.

It was from her mother, doubtless, that she had got the dark, lustrous eyes, the soft, black hair and long lashes, while her father had contributed the patrician face and the family pride.

In addition to her beauty she had inherited another gift; she had the voice which is given to so many of the children of the sunny south—a voice as clear and full and musical as a nightingale's; imperial in its strength, and divine in its grace and power of expression.

But exquisite as it was, it was not often heard; for, strange to say, Godfrey Knighton, until the years of her father's death, had been a man who was not pleased when his daughter sang. So she sang out in the woods—her own woods, where none came but the game-keepers or the laborers—in her own rooms.

Don't jump to the conclusion that, because he did not like to hear his daughter's voice in song, Godfrey Knighton was a hard or unkind father; no man could love a daughter more tenderly, more passionately, than he did Iris. Cold, stern, almost forbidding to the rest of the world, he was tenderness itself to her. "Cold and hard," though expressive enough, scarcely convey any idea of his manner to the outside world. He was a man who spoke seldom, and smiled never. Just as a Roman lawyer, he rarely smiled to marry, and was he to the poetess caught red-handed in the act, or the thief found in the hen roost or the peach orchard!

And yet, though so inflexibly just, he was generous to a fault. There were no poor in Knighton, and no stranger was ever turned away from Revel's gates until he had appeased his hunger and got something in the way of coin to help him on his way.

But there seemed to hang a cloud over Godfrey Knighton, and the faint tinge of sadness in Iris's eyes was but the vague reflection of a deeper melancholy in his own. A shadow hung over the Revel's, less of its nature and cause every one, even Iris herself, was ignorant. He had left England a young man of twenty had left it and disappeared as completely as if he had been dead, and had returned fifteen years afterward with his young daughter, beautiful even then, though with only a promise of her future loveliness. She was fourteen when he came back, and beyond her age she knew nothing.

Of all that happened to him during his absence, Godfrey Knighton said not one word to any living soul. Of his dead wife he told nothing. His past life in the far-away south remained as dark and mysterious as it had ever been during his absence, and there was certainly no one of his friends who dared to ask him a single question.

He had married, his wife had died giving birth to a daughter, and Iris the daughter, and Iris was that daughter; that was all that was known, though no one could say that he had actually stated even this much; but the county was only too glad to have him back on any terms, and welcomed with open arms the man who was lord of the manor of Revels and the magnifi-

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Recent Revels, which had so long remained closed and desolate.

(To be continued)

Bishop Advocates Permanent Pacific Conference.

SYDNEY, N.S.W. (Associated Press)—Establishment of a permanent Pacific conference and an island federation was urged recently by Dr. Radford, Bishop of Goulburn, in an address before the Governor-General, the admiral commanding the fleet and other distinguished persons. Dr. Radford said a standing Pacific conference should include all powers having possessions in the Pacific Ocean—the British Empire, United States, Japan, France and China—and perhaps Holland and India. As a nucleus for united and solid action, he proposed a triple alliance of Great Britain, the United States and Japan. He proposed that a federation be formed of the groups of Pacific Islands which are now under mandate to Australia and New Zealand, or are colonies of Great Britain. These islands would all have representatives in a federal council in which Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain also would be represented. Ultimately, he thought, Great Britain might find it desirable to withdraw from direct representation in this council and entrust the task of maintaining the prestige of the British Empire in the Pacific entirely to Australia and New Zealand.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94 P.C. AIR

Beats Electric or Gas
A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, says a letter that gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil). The inventor, T. W. Johnson, 248 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$20 to \$500 per month.

Ontario Justice.

(From an Exchange).
An Ontario farmer caught a young woman doing a "September Morn" on his property and had her haled before the country magistrate.


"What's the charge?" asked his honor.

"Takin' a bath in the spring, your worship," said the constable.

"The aged dispenser of justice consulted a doctored copy of the statutes and buried himself in its pages for several minutes, then closing the legal tome and stroking his beard he said very solemnly, "The charge is dismissed and the miss is discharged. I find that she had just as much right to take a bath in the spring as in the jail."

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New Varieties of Fish Discovered.

SOME ICHTHYOLOGIST DESIGNATIONS.

HONOLULU, Sept. — (Associated Press)—Varieties of fish hitherto unknown were discovered as a result of the eruption of the volcano of Mauna Loa two years ago. This fact has just been announced by Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Emeritus of Leland Stanford junior university, California, noted ichthyologist. The columns of lava burrowed deeper into the ocean than man had been able to penetrate and thousands of fish of strange and fantastic shape and color were killed and washed up on the beach by the tidal waves caused by the "lava" flow. Among them were found six varieties hitherto unknown to science because their habitat was presumably lower in the water than science had been able to observe. Amateur ichthyologists in Hilo, Hawaii, selected species which were unknown to them and sent them to Dr. Jordan for examination. The result was that the six new species, were classified. "I consider the discoveries from a scientific viewpoint, to be among the most remarkable and important on record," Dr. Jordan said when he made public the classifications here, while he was attending the sessions of the Pan-Pacific Educational Conference.

The designations given to the six species by Dr. Jordan are:—Los Ezelias, a species of kikihi or butterfly fish, strikingly banded in yellow and black; Venosus Eregicus, so designated because of its resemblance to a wasp's nest; Rhyacanthias Carimithi, named for Carl A. Carimith, of Hilo, who sent many of the species to Dr. Jordan. It is a deep rose red in color; Rhoichias Armaiger, a conger eel with hooks on its snout resembling black-berry thorns and is solid dull black in color; Nyctimaster Teimhardt, named for the Hilo resident who discovered it. It is a small black lantern fish, so designated because of the many luminous glands behind the eye and along its sides which give the impression of phosphorescence. It is a solid dull black in color; Peristichion Eryceros or alligator fish of a brilliant scarlet hue which is characterized by large bony plates of armor.

Each of the six is a deep-water fish. All live in water of more than 150 feet in depth and some as deep as 600 feet. Nothing except such a cataclysm of nature as the Aloka flow could have brought them to the surface. Dr. Jordan said: "Rhyacanthias Carimithi ranged at least 1,000 feet below the ocean's surface, he added. Dr. Jordan has sent to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C., a paper detailing the results of the investigation and the new classifications.

STINGER AND STUNG.

A merchant prince can sting me once, but one time will suffice; and I would be the premium dunce to let him sting me twice. When I receive my monthly bills mistakes I've often caught; I'm charged for boots or beeswax pills, the which I never bought. "Some error of a clerk," I say, and journey to the store, where things are straightened right away, and no one's head is sore. All honest men may make mistakes, which they in haste retrieve, and even I have made my breaks—which fact you'll scarce believe. But if my grocers represent their sand as being pure, and no cheap sugar with it, then, their tricks I can't endure. If I discover when I try to sweeten up my tea the sand's been sugared on the fly—such methods sicken me. And if the dairyman would blink, I say to him, "Avaunt! You try to sell me lugs of milk, when water's what I want. I fain would love my fevered brow with water, ere I die, and you produce an antique cow, and say it's juice is fine." Of previous tricks the world is full, and silver, amber, and lead; they sell us shoddy rags for wool, and paper shoes as calf. And ever, as I sing and dance, I hand out this advice; the same man shouldn't have a chance to sting the voter twice.

Household Notes.

Green grapes make a delicious preserve.

Stewed apples are good with roast duck.

Beets keep nicely packed in sand like turnips.

Stuffed ham is good served with a cream sauce.

Rice with cheese makes a good stuffing for tomatoes.

Butter for sandwiches should always be creamed.

A little cheese favoring improves stuffed baked potatoes.

A very delicious dish is creamed oysters served on snails.

When you make apple jelly save the pulp for apple butter.

Fleets of good stuffing makes roast chicken go much further.

Be sure to flood the house with fresh air at least twice a day.

Hops is a very economical meat, as there is not much waste to it.

To hasten your cake-making get the eggs through a potato ricer.

Just Talks

A BOWL OF APPLES AND A BOOK.
A bowl of apples and a book and a grate fire blinding high. What greater joy can man possess, what deeper comfort buy? So sit me down on the autumn nights with a book to thrill my soul, and I'll be content while the log fire burns and the apples fill the bowl.

For this is a dual life we lead, what- ever a man believes. There's the life of strife with its hours of care and the hours that he must grieve. But his other life is a term of peace when he finds the cloistered nooks and walks and talks with the mystic friends in the pages of his books.

A night to read from the world apart, slippered and well content. With the changeless friends of the printed page, could better a night be spent? A fire that leaps as his fancies fly, is anything needed more? Just a bowl of apples handy by from Autumn's golden store.

I've known rich joys in the years that were and look to the joys to be. But splendor gives no peace like this to the restless soul of me. For these three make me a happy man, these three are my heart's desire. A bowl of apples and a book, and the blaze of an open fire.

"EXCEL" Rubber Boots, the fisherman's friend, for men and boys, at PARKER & MONROE, LTD.—sept 21st

Fashion Plates.



Pattern 3499 was employed to make this style. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. Duvetyn, satin, taffeta, serge, poplin, velveteen and all wash fabrics are attractive for this design. An illustrated embroidered and plain hatlets are combined. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 1 1/2 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 18c. in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE SMALL ONE.



Pattern 3725 was used to make this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. Bordered Swiss, percale, seersucker, dotted Swiss, chambray, poplin, pongee, voile, batiste, embroidered, gabardine, challis and silk could be used for this model. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

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